ESTABLISHED
JUNE 2, 1881.

It has the largest bona fide circulation of any Afro-American journal published at the Capital

The Washington Bee.

The Bee
—IS A—
Great Advertising Medium
TRY IT!
Do you want reliable news?
Do you want a fearless race advocate?
Do you want colored trade?
Read and advertise in THE BEE!

VOL. XII WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1893. NO 13.

CURBSTONE CHIT AND CHAT.

The News of the City Dished Up for The Bee Readers.

PERSONAL POINTS POINTEDLY PUT.

Home News and Events Transpired Since our Last Issue—Other Matters Worthy of Careful Consideration.

Hon. John R. Lynch, is on his farm in Natchez, Miss.

Hon. B. K. Bruce, has returned to the city from Ohio.

Prof. Wm. L. Brown is spending a little vacation in New York.

The President has not commissioned Mr. C. H. J. Taylor minister to Bolivia.

Shall the retention of Cardozo longer impede the progress of the colored High school.

The colored democratic league has indorsed Mr. James Matthews, of Albany for recorder of deeds.

Mr. Joseph Pleasants, has arrived in the city from Greensburg, Pa., after an absence of six months.

Messrs. James A. Ross and W. Calvin Chase, will leave the city next week to attend the Cincinatti convention.

Mr. James A. Ross, of Iowa, has withdrawn his papers from the files of the State department. He is no longer an applicant.

The BEE will come out in a new dress first of the year, printed on its own press. Send in your advertisement for the new issue.

The marriage of Mr. R. L. Pendleton to Miss Amos, last week was a brilliant affair. Miss Amos was one of the best known teachers in the public schools.

Mrs E. E. Cooper, the accomplished wife of the editor of the American is now in charge of the business end of that paper. Manager Cooper has an eye to business.

Mr. Stewart M Lewis, of this city, has accepted the advertising management of this paper. Mr. Lewis is a well known newspaper man and wide awake in every particular.

Four hundred negroes have been dismissed under this administration and only three persons have been appointed or nominated two of whom were rejected by the Senate.

Mrs. Robert H. Terrell, and Mrs. Julia Mason Layton, wife of Prof. J. T. Layton, music teacher in the 8th school division have been appointed sub assistant teacher in the high school.

Orient Baker, an Old Time whiskey won the prize at the World's Fair. For pure articles you should call for either of these brands. The sour mash is the pure Kentucky whiskey.

Thirty young colored ladies who passed the civil service examination as printers assistants in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing have been dismissed by the Kentucky democratic chief.

Mr. P. H. Dixon, the best known business man in this city, and no doubt the most reliable, is now with Frielander & Bro. Co., 9th and E. st. n. w. Don't fail to ask for Mr Dixon when you want a first class suit of clothes.

W. Calvin Chase, attorney and counselor at law, and notary public. Up town office 1109 I St. n. w., down town office 518 and D. Sts. n. w., near the courts where he can be seen until 4 o'clock p. m., after that hour he can be found at 1109 I st. n. w.

On or before the first of January the BEE will be enlarged and printed on its own press. There will be several new and interesting features about the paper which will make it the leading journal in the country. Merchants should send in their advertisments at once.

Mr. C. H. J. Taylor will lecture or speak in this city shortly. The meeting was gotten up by office clerks, messengers and other republican negroes who want Taylor to keep them in office or do something for them. Taylor knows how to squeeze a negro when he has got him.

Mrs. Amelia Johnson, aunt of Mr. Wm. H. Brooker, who died last Wednesday November 15th, was burried last Sunday afternoon from Mt. Zion Baptist church. She had been a good christian and a member of the church for 50 years and a prominent member of Puritan lodge whose members attended in a body. Rev. James H. Howard preached the sermon which was very impressive. Interment was at Graceland.

Among the many good friends to the colored employes of the city Post Office department is Mr. D. D. Peachy, although a democrat, Mr. Peachy knows that worthy and intelligent colored men are entitled to consideration and recognition. The colored employes of that department speak in the highest terms of this efficient officer of this department. If the President decides on a change in the head of this department, no better man could be appointed.

THEY SAY.

The shoe store factory is non est.

Put money in thy purse is the watch word.

The genial Jesse Roy, of the Philadelphia house will become a benedict soon.

Things look veay scarce about this time of the year.

The success of all enterprises is union of action.

Mr. James A. Ross, of Iowa, will start a wholesale business in this city shortly.

Prof. W. L Brown, son of the late Bishop J. M. Brown, will be the next recorder of deeds.

Cardozo, of the High school shall be removed.

Trustee Bruce ought to make a change in that department of the schools.

The subordinate teachers in the high school are his superiors.

For the welfare of the pupils and the tax payers of this city there should be a change in the head of the high school.

Why should our public school system suffer on account of one man?

The condition of the public schools demands an immediate change.

Let there be a change in the high shool.

The trustees should take a bold stand.

There is no truth in the rumor that trustee Brown is controlled by the superintendent.

There is no reason that can be given to retain Cardozo.

The Coteries had a success last Wednesday week.

It is a fine social club.

The ladies deserve credit for the success of their first reception.

The latest social club is called the Coterie's.

It is composed of twelve very prepossessing and intelligent young ladies.

Their first announcement, which was a "Souvnir Party" last Wednesday week was a grand success.

Long live the "Coterie's".

The colored shoe firm which was to open on Nov. 15, is a thing of the past.

Mr. A. F. Hilyer, who is an energetic business man, made great efforts to make the business a success, but failed.

The BEE said in the begining, the shoe store project would never be a fact, a thought our intentions were good.

The BEE will be a new paper in a few weeks.

Subscribers are requested to pay up immediately.

The BEE is widely known throuh out the country.

It is a great advertising medium.

Bring your job work to this office for cheap prices.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

What is the matter with the colored democrats?

Some say they are on the fence.

Negro Democrats Excited.

Hon. James C Matthews, the leader of the colored democrats was in the city last week which caused a consternation amog Astwood and Taylor faction which has heretofore been opposed to Mr. Matthews.

When a BEE representative stated to a few of the clan that Matthews was in town at Mrs. Motens' residence where he was stopping was beseiged.

Mr. Matthews did not make his business known and no one knows what his business at this time was. The boys are guessing, while Mr. Matthews is a democrat he is a race man and one who is held in high esteem by the colored people of this country.

Mrs. Anna Morris, the oldest daughter of Mr. Nathan Sprague, of this city died sudden ly at Ann Harbor, Mich, on Nov. 11th '93. The news were received with much grief by her numerous friends in this city. The interment was made at Rochester, N. Y., where Mr. Sprague has a family burying lot.

OPPOSED TO COLORED LADIES.

A Wholesale Discharge in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing — The Kentucky Negro Hater.

The new chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Claud M. Johnson, of Kentucky, has made a whole-sale discharge of young colored girls who have passed successfully the civil service examination and appointed in the bureau on their merits.

The new chief is from the hot bed of secession, the state of Kentucky where they hang negroes if they dress better than the white people. It is reported that whenever the new chief enters the press room where the young colored girls are employed he is thrown into a fit of anger because there are so many of them there and because he wants to make room for incompetent white girls. His excuse is that he is compelled to reduce the force, but at the same time he makes a requisition to the civil service commission for more printers assistants and should they turn out to be colored he tells them that he is not quite ready for them. These are his methods to get rid of them.

Within the last three weeks Johnson has discharged not less than from 25 to 30 worthy and competent young colored ladies.

Johnson is a Kentucky negro hater who has no use for the colored people no matter how worthy and competent they are.

It is hoped that Mr. Cleveland will call this negro hater to a hault.

THE COTERIE'S.

A Brilliant Souvenir Party—Those who Were Present.

The "Coterie's" is the name of a newly organized club composed of twelve young ladis as follows:

Mrs. Rosa Bell—Lacey, Misses Pauline Bruce, Mary E. Bruce, Jennie Edelin, Sadie Langhorn, Jeannette E Anderson, Rebecca Paynter, Mary Lacey, Eliza Duncan, Mrs. Isabella Simms, Misses Evelyn Lacy, Henrietta Brooks.

This very interesting club which has such an appropriate name ("Coterie") meaning, a select party; gave a charming souvenir party, at 123 on 9th street n. w., Wednesday evening Nov. 15. The spacious parlors were thrown open to the guests, who skipped the fantastic toe until their appetite called them into the dining rooms, where two beautiful tables were laden with the most appetizing eatables of the season.

Every lady and gentleman present received a souvenir, as a momento of the club, which was worthy of appreciation.

All kinds of parlor games were indulged in and at twelve o'clock the sweet strands of music played "Home Sweet Home," much to the regret of many present.

The house was crowded and the ready response to the limited number of invitations that were sent out was evident that the young ladies first efforts were highly appreciated.

The coming complimentary will no doubt be one of the most unique that has ever been given in the city.

NO RACE PRIDE.

Colored People Opposed to Their own Interest.

There are colored people throughout this country who have no race pride; they seem to support and cater to those people who do everything to injure them. Some of them are jealous and prejudiced to each other. Those who have the most intelligence are the worst prejudiced to their professional men. This fact is mostly demonstrated in the medical and legal profession.

No matter what a white mans ability may be, suffice to say that he is white. In other business it is the same thing.

Death of Mrs. Webb.

Mrs. Emily Randall Webb, the wife of ex-Commissioner Webb, died at her residence last Wednesday morning. Mrs. Webb was one of the best known ladys' in this city and loved by all who knew her. Col. Webb and his children have the profound sympathy of the BEE.

FOR SALE.

Rare bargains in lots.
Redneed prices to suit the times.
Five dollars and $5 dollars monthly without interest.

Deanwood, D. C.
K St., n. e., extended.
Your choice for $180.
Special inducements to cash buyers.
Conveyance to inspect lots free of expense.
Call at this office for plat and full particulars.

A. S. CAYWOOD,
533 9th St., n. w.

Mr. Geo. S. Contee, formerly of this city, but now living in Denver, Col., arrived in the city Wednesday noon. Mr. Contee is the brother of Miss Pet Contee one of the public school teaches in this city who was married on last Wednesday evening. The boys were glad to see their old friend George.

Rooms with Board: In first class house and in a popular part of the city. Cars pass the door 922—11 st n w

OPEN LETTER TO COMMISSIONER PARKER.

Col. M. M. Parker:

Are you aware that President Harrison appointed you to look after the republicans in office under the District government? Do you not know that this is a non partisan government in which there should be no discrimination as to color? The editor desires to call your attention to the Fire department in which no negroes are employed and a department which seems to be opposed to the employment of colored men. The Police department is different; the chief of police although a democrat is is willing to give worthy negroes a chance. Has your sudden selection to the Commissionership caused you to think of nothing else than your English turnout and the appointment of white republicans who are "starving to death"? You are unlike your associate commissioner Col. Ross. The people have the most implicit confidence in him and hope that the President will reappoint him and appoint a man to succeed you. The colored republicans of the District don't expect anything from you, in fact they don't wish anything at your hands. They would like for you, however, to over haul the fire department, and see what the trouble is.

They would also like you to look a little more in the Health department and see if your inspectors and health officers are doing their duty, and see if the present Health officer is competent to hold his place.

The tax payers demand this Col. Parker and before my next it is hoped that these evils will be obliterated.

Believe me to be

Yours truly,
THE EDITOR.

MINISTERIAL TIPS.

Rev. S. G. Lamkins, is a sincere man, but rather slow.

Dr. F. J. Grimkie, is one of the most learned in theology.

Rev. Credit, may be the most stylish divine, and perhaps a silent man.

Rev. Robert Johnson, D. D. is the best informed minister in the city.

Dr. D. P. Seaton, is affiable and polite and one of the most logical.

Dr. Bishop Johnson, is the youngest minister in the city and the most active.

Rev. Walter H. Brooks is no doubt the most eloquent and interesting pastor in the city.

Rev. Geo. W. Lee, is the nestor of the negro pulpit. He knows how to talk and when to talk. He has one fault. He should keep his eyes open when he is addressing the people.

Dr. Robert Dyson, is one of the oldest and the youngest. His ideas are in keeping with the present age. He is the most reasonable and one of the most eloquent and logical. He is a member of the old and new schools.

Rev. James H. Lee, is the most moral, the most sincere, the most honest and best race man in the country. There is nothing mechanical about him. He means what he says and does what he says. You can depend on him. He is like Rev. Dyson, he is all that the people says he is.

How Is This?

Something unique even in these days of mammoth premium offers is the latest effort of Stafford's Magazine, a New York monthly of home and general reading.

The proposition is to send the Magazine one year for one dollar, the regular subscription price, and in addition to send each subscriber fifty-two complete novels during the twelve months—one each week.

Think of it. You receive a new and complete novel by mail, post paid, every week for fifty-two weeks, and in addition you get the magazine once a month for twelve months, all for one dollar. It an offer which the publishers can only afford to make in the confident expectation of one hundred thousand subscribers. Among the thors in the coming series are Wilk, Collins, Walter Besant, Mrs. Oliphant, Mary Cecil Hay, Florence Marryat, Anthony Trollope, A. Conan Doyle, Miss Braddon, Captain Marryat, Miss Thackery, and Jules Verne. If you wish to take advantage of this unusual opportunity send one dollar for Stafford's Magazine, one year. Your first copy of the magazine and your first number of the fifty-two novels (one each week) which you are to receive during the year will be sent you by return mail. Remit by P. Order, registered letter or exprsss. Address

H. STAFFORD, Publisher,
Stafford's Magazine,
P. O Box 2264,
New York, N. Y.
Please ment on this paper.

Fortune-Teller and Clairvoyant.

Now is the time—don't delay to consult the greatest living Clairvoyant on earth. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. Come! and know thy destiny at once. Remain longer in darkness, but seek the light of knowledge, and learn what the mysterious future holds for you.

The fact that the lady is the only Clairvoyant in the State that can assist the troubled, bring happiness to the unhappy, and give help in all misfortune and trouble either by personal interview or by letter, is only too well known by crowds who come to see her from near and afar. Her mysterious powers have convinced the most skeptical that she perfectly understands the science of all the workings of love and lucky charms, which will overcome your enemies, remove all family trouble and unhappiness; brings the seperated together—never fails restores lost affections; brings speedy and happy marriages to the one you love; removes evil influences; breaks up all bad habits, spell conjuring, and gives luck and happiness to last a life time. She will give correct information on law suits, divorces, absent friends, and never failing advice to young people on love, courtship and marriage, and how to choose a partner for happiness, what business you will succeed and make money at. Gives initials of present and future wife or husband.

Thousands have been made happy by her never failing help and advice to those that have been crushed down by misfortune and unhappiness. Reader, if you have been deceived by the many unscrupulous pretenders found in every city, judge not all alike, for your own conscience tells you there is a way to overcome all evils, just the same as there is medicine or all diseases. All who are in trouble, whose fond hopes and ambitions have been blasted, who have been deceived and disappointed by false predictions of others, before giving up, are invited to consult this true lady, she guarantees perfect satisfaction. Call and be convinced of the above true statements. Fee 50 cts. and $1 00. Those who cannot call on me can have their life written in full from cradle to grave by sending $2 00, correct date and year of birth, sex color of hair. Any other information cheerfully answered on receipt stamped envelope.

Mrs. Carry
1614 7th st. N. W.
Washington, D. C.

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Loans money to buy or build homes. Shares $1 each, payable monthly. Dividends declared every January. Secretary's office: 609 F st., n. w. Open 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Monthly meetings at Lincoln Memorial Church, cor 11th and R sts., n. w., first Monday night in every month.

HENRY E. BAKER,
Secretary.

Subscribe to and advertise in the BEE.

R. S. SMITH,

Late A. U. S. Special agent in the morgage branch of the 11th Census,

Attorney at Law.

420 5th street N. W. Wash, D. C.

Howard University Law Building.

Practices in all the Courts in the District of Columbia. Claims and other collections attended to.

JUGGING BUMBLE BEES.

How a Farmer and His Boys Captured a Colony of the Insects.

While on a recent trip out into the country I saw a farmer rid himself of several nests of bumble bees in a very simple but effective manner. The particular field which was being plowed over for the fall sowing was especially infected with the troublesome insects, and a plowboy the day before had been badly stung. The farmer asked me to go with him and see the boys "jug the bees." A common brown jug half filled with water was taken along. One of the boys led the way to an especially large and dangerous looking nest lying on the stubble close to the ground. The jug was cautiously deposited by the side of the nest. Then, with a long branch of a tree, the nest was violently stirred and the lad fled for his life. In a perfect swarm the bees flew out to see who had dared assault their castle, and circled angrily about, buzzing violently all the time. From a safe distance the farmer and his boys threw clods of dirt and stones at the angry insects. They seemed to be looking for their enemy. Gradually their numbers grew less, and at last there were no bees to be seen.

"Let us look in the jug," said the farmer, as he led the way. It was picked up and its contents poured out on to the ground with difficulty, as 154 bumble bees, by actual count, had flown into the jug in a vain effort to find the destroyer of their home and had drowned. I walked back with one of the boys to a spring to fill the jug with clear water, preparatory to an attack upon another colony of bees. As we trudged over the sunny fields the berry-brown lad remarked: "I'd rather jug bees any day than plow, wouldn't you?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Soft Shell Lobster.

"Never seed a soft-shelled lobster? Well, that's not surprisin'. You see, they never get to market. They're so good that they always get ate first."

The grizzled old fisherman wrung the salt water out of his whiskers as he talked, having just landed through the surf in his boat with a fine cargo of fresh-caught lobsters.

"A soft-shell lobster does not turn up every day, even at this season," he went on. "When I catch one my wife cooks it for our own dinner. Good? Well, you can bet. Fried in boiling lard, just like a newly-shed crab, it's the finest thing on earth in the way of provender. Something like a crab, you know, but a great deal more delicious. Delmonico would give $10 a dozen for 'em, only that they can't be got for any price.

"You see, when the lobsters are shedding they hunt for holes among the rocks to hide in. Until they get their new coats they don't usually walk abroad, but stay quietly in dark crannies where no enemy is likely to find them. At such times they are not apt to be looking for food and they don't get into the pots on that account. There isn't any animal that is braver than a lobster when he is in fighting trim, but without his armor he is flabby and helpless, and it can't be expected that he should take any extra risk. It's only a foolish one now and then that strays into one of the traps.

"Suppose you had to take off your skin every now and then and wait for a new one to grow. P'raps you'd feel a trifle sensitive and retirin'. That's just the way it is with a lobster. His coat is of plate mail. It doesn't expand as he develops. So the time comes when he must swell or b'ust. He b'usts, and, when he comes out of his shell, he is bigger by a considerable than he was before. The process is a great strain on his health, and sometimes he dies in getting through with it. He has to do the same thing a good many times before he gets his full growth, but after that he doesn't shed any more.

"This is the season when lobsters shed. Most of those we catch are b'usters. That is what we call those that are on the point of changing their coats. To do it they go 'way out to sea, so that just now we have to go twenty miles from land to catch them. It doesn't take much skill. You see, we find them wherever there is rocky bottom. Out where we go to look for them there are great reefs of rocks outcropping, at a depth of nearly 100 feet. There the lobsters make their home in summer, shedding their coats as people shed their clothes to go in bathing along this shore in the hot months."—Washington Star.

A Mob's Vengence.

Bill Thompson, one of the three negroes who on Monday night last assaulted Mrs. Archie Sightler at her home at Gaston, S. C., a small station on the railroad between Columbia and Savannah, was lynched by a mob near the scene of his crime. Thompson's accomplices in the crime were Tom Preston and Handy Kaigler. Thompson made a full confession.

Preparing for Fight.

The San Francisco Call prints an article in which it intimates that a certain Hawaiian known as "Lycurgus the Greek," is engaged in systematically smuggling arms into Honolulu. Rifles and cartridges have been shipped to Honolulu. This the Call knows. No seizure has been made of any such goods on the Hawaiian Island. It is claimed there is a plot on the part of the royalists to overthrow the provisional government.

MISSED
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Under
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BEE

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Entered at the Post Office at Washington
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W. CALVIN CHASE, Editor.

COLD BLOODED ASSAULT.

When his honors Judges Miller and Kimball warned and lectured officers of the Metropolitan police force of the careless use of fire arms, they certainly had the approval of the citizens of Washington.

The shooting of Willis Washington on Wednesday morning by officer Terry recalls to mind the shooting of a white citizen by a drunken brute of the police force who is now serving a term in Albany penitentiary.

It is quite natural that Washington would not haulk when he was requested to do so, by two officers in citizens clothes whom he thought were two irresponsible men or persons that intended to do him an injury. What right had this brute of the police force to shoot? Washington had committed no offense nor was he in the act of committing an offense.

No shooting has shocked the people more than this; no excuse can be made by this man to justify him for the shooting of this innocent colored man. How long is this kind of brutality against the colored people to continue?

We have appealed to the commissioners, but, our appeals have been unheeded, we have appealed to the courts of last resort and they have justified these officers in shooting and killing colored men.

The district should be made to pay for this barbarous wrong; the commissioners should take the matter in hand and see that wild and crazy men be not appointed on the police force.

It is easier for some of these uncivilized officers to shoot an innocent colored man than it is for them to catch the man called "Jack the Slasher".

What rights have the colored people? What protection have they on the public highway? If they are seen late at night on the street they are arrested as suspicious characters; if they are on their way to work early in the morning they sare molested by alleged officers of the law and compelled to give an account of themselves.

Commissioner M. M. Parker who has charge of the police department should either reorganize that branch of the District government resign and let some one else do it who has a little more love or at least respect for the negro than he has. It is presumed that he will say that a white man did the shooting and if he is discharged he will "starve to death."

None but cool, sober and honest men should be appointed on the police force. The appointees should be citizens of the District and men who are not endeavoring to make a record on the carcass of innocent and unoffensive colored men.

DEATH OE GENL. RUSK.

Genl. Rusk who died a few days ago was a very brave soldier and a man who served his country well in an official capacity. When he was secretary of Agriculture he did not think that colored ladies were worthy and good enough to be appointed in the seed department.

Great men will not stoop to such such small things.

His death is to be regretted, because he was a good friend to his race in distress.

The citizens should have Terry indicted by the grand jury.

The Commissioners aught to remove Terry immediately.

Read the Bee next week. It will contain something spicy.

The excuse of the Senate for not confirming some appointees is not very plausable.

In the death of Hon. J. C Price, the race lost one of its finest representatives.

There are a few negroes who are democrats from principles, who will be taken care of.

Perhaps Governor McKinley will be able to name the next presidenttal candidate.

It has now become a fact that the great shoe store enterprise could not be started this month, or even in the near future on account of finances.

THE HAWAIIAN SITUATION.

If the report of Commissioner Blount, to the President is true, and the BEE has no reason to doubt it, President Cleveland should receive the indorsement of the entire country for restoring to the Hawiian people their country which was stolen from them.

Indeed, there never was such a high handed piece of thievery on the part of any government as that perpetrated by the United States on the Hawaiian people.

The Star, the Post and many other papers in this country seem to be kicking themselves to death because President Cleveland is about to undo the worst barbarious act known to civilization. The queen of Hawaii, in the opinion of Mr. Blount, is a lady of refinement.

The newspapers, or a majority of them, who favor this steal, and to make their case good, have done everything to convince the American people that the queen is a criminal; that she is the kept mistress of her marshal. She has been cartooned by the Post of this city and the New York World as a "thick lip" and an unrefined negress. This is done to show to to the American people that Mr. Cleveland and secretary Gresham want to place an ignorant negress on the throne over white people.

Those of you who saw the queen when she arrived in this city will testify that she is not the woman that has been pictured by the press of the country. It was the desire of the last administration, through the secretary of State Mr. Blaine, to pick a quarrel with some negro government. An attempt was made to bulldoze Hayti, the little negro republic, and bring her to time for certain alleged violations of international laws.

This government never fails to bluff small governments, but, such governments as England, Russia and France, it will give the bluff and nothing more.

It is hoped that the President will restore the queen.

OUR HIGH SCHOOLS.

Trustee B. K. Bruce has no good excuse to retain the present principal of the High school any longer. He is incompetent and should be removed and a man appointed who will bring up the school on a par with the white High schools of this city. Mr. Bruce should be aware that the children are suffering by the retention of Cardozo. Does Mr. Bruce intend to remedy this evil? The people are anxious to know.

Some have already jumped, by saying "they will never vote the democratic ticket again." The democrats don't want them as office holders and the republicans won't have them so they will have to stay on the fence.

NOTICE! NOTICE!

Another Grand Rally at the Third Baptist church, corner 5th, and Q Street n. w., 4th Sunday Nov. 26th, '93, to meet some notes on the new Edifice. There will be preaching by the following divines: At 11 a. m. by Rev. Wm. Bishop Johnson, D. D. Pastor of the Second Baptist church n. w. At 3 p. m. by Rev. A. W. Shields, D. D. Pastor of the Va. Ave. Baptist church s w. At 7:30 p. m. by Rev. I V. Bryant D. D. Pastor of the Walker Memorial Baptist church n. w.

A cordial invitation is exte ded to the churches and public in general.

At the close of the evening sermon the clubs will make their usual reports.

JAMES H. LEE, Pastor.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Members of the Union League, and all business and professional men and women who are not now members but who wish to become such will please to take Notice that the New Union League D rectory will go to press Nov. 25, 1893. To insure insertion and proper classification, applications for space must be made immediately to the Secretary,

R. H Terrell,
609 F st, n. w.

By order of the Committee.
Andrew F. Hilyer, President.

BERGEN STAR CONCERTS.

At Nineteenth Street Baptist church, Rev. Walter Brooks, Pastor, Monday evening, January 15th At Metropolitan Baptist church, Rev. R. Johnson, Pastor, Tuesday evening January 16th. Artists: Flora Batson, Queen of Song, the real Patti of her race; W. I. Powell, Philadelphia' great Baritone and King of Fun; Mr. R. Henri, Strange. Prince of Elocutionists and other stars yet to be announced. Quee s, Kings and Princes will come with music, mirth and melody, to gladen all hearts. And hard times shall not prevent, for everybody may come at 35 cents admission. For terms and date address manager J. G. Bergew, Philadelphia Pa.

Thos. H. Clarke,

REAL ESTATE AND LOANS.

606 F Street, N. W.,

WASHINGTON, D. C

FINE SHOES AT POPULAR PRICES.

New Era SHOE HOUSE

808 7th St., bet. H and I.

Z. STRASBURGER, Proprietor.

Holiday Beargains.

- GEORGE WILLNER, -

UPHOLSTERER AND PAPER HANGER,

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PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES AND UPHOLSTERY GOODS.
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NEW YORK UMBRELLA COMPANY,

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Manufacturers and dealers in all grades of
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AND PARASOLS.
Special attention given to repairing and recovering Umbrellas.

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- PRACTICAL -

WATCH MAKER & MANUFACTURING JEWELER

929 PEN. AVE. N. W. BET 9TH & 10TH,

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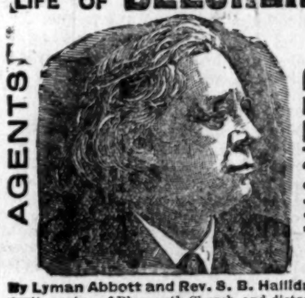

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I WANT Sensible and seasonable Editorials On Political, Social, and Moral Questions.
I WANT The cream of the best Editorials In New York and other daily and weekly papers To let me know what they think of matters.
I WANT Good, reliable Farm and Garden Articles Written by Practical Men.
I WANT To know something of the Home Life of The American people, and of their Life, thoughts, and experiences.
I WANT Pleasant moral stories for the Young People, That the children may look for the paper As they do for a friend.
I WANT Stories of Interest for us Elders, For we, too, like our hours of leisure.
THIS IS WHAT I DON'T WANT:
I DON'T WANT Long, padded News Articles; The padding doesn't add to the value, And I haven't time to read them.
I DON'T WANT Fierce, one-sided Editorials, Written by special pleaders, Who can see nothing good In any side but their own.

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GOOD ADVICE.

Every patriotic citizen should give his personal effort and influence to increase the circulation of his home paper which teaches the American policy of Protection. It is his duty to aid in this respect in every way possible. After the home paper is taken care of, why not subscribe for the AMERICAN ECONOMIST, published by the American Protective Tariff League? One of its correspondents says: "No true American can get along without it. I consider it the greatest and truest political teacher in the United States."

Send postal card request for free sample copy. Address Wilbur F. Wakeman, General Secretary, 135 West 23d St., New York.

L'Autorite says that a new group of financiers has been formed to reconstruct the Panama Canal Company, and that they have already subscribed 66,000,000 francs.

Three young highwaymen were apprehended in Central Park, New York, after having held up more than twice their number of youngsters. They were loaded with pennies, marbles, knives, toy pistols and other booty.

The purchase of an extensive tract fronting Esquimalt harbor has just been completed by the British Government at Esquimalt, B. C., for proposed fortifications. These will be on the most modern plan, and both the Imperial and Dominion Governments will contribute towards the expense.

The Brazilian dynamite cruiser Nictheroy, formerly the merchant steamer El Cid, sailed from New York for Brazil. She is manned almost entirely by ex-officers and seamen of the United States navy. The steamer America, also equipped as a cruiser, followed her. These merchant vessels were turned into powerful warships in less than a month at New York.

Tried to Steal a Girl for Ransom.

Louisville, Nov. 22.—Four men went to the house of Joe H. Kraft, back of the Silver Hills, near New Albany, and tried to kidnap Kraft's young daughter. Information of the plot had reached Kraft, and he and some friends hid in the house and when the kidnappers came fired upon them. Severance Whiteman was mortally wounded. A brother of Whiteman, and another man, whose name is Constance, were arrested and brought to New Albany. The fourth man is at large. There is great excitement over the affair. Kraft is a very rich man, and the object was to hold the girl for ransom. The would-be kidnappers may be lynched.

Found a Pot of Gold and Silver.

Lancaster, Pa., Nov. 22.—Dr. Bailey, of Gap, a village eighteen miles east of here, yesterday discovered an iron pot under an old farmhouse he had recently bought. Investigation proved that the pot contained over $2,600 in gold and silver coin. There were also found three sets of solid silver spoons marked "C." Many years ago the house was owned by a family named Chamberlain. It is supposed the pot was buried by one of the members thereof and that the secret died with the last survivor.

Reported Sale of the Iron King Mine.

Duluth, Minn., Nov. 20.—It is announced that the Minnesota Iron Company has purchased the Iron King Mine and the other property of the Wheeling Iron Company. The price is said to be $400,000. This is the first important purchase the Minnesota company has made on the Mesaba since the formation of the Rockefeller syndicate.

Anthony Comstock Active.

Elmira, N. Y., Nov. 20.—Great excitement has been caused here by a raid on the part of Anthony Comstock. He had L. C. Gilmore, a prominent Water street saloonist and politician, arrested on a charge of using an obscene business card. The printers of the same were also arrested. The parties were afterwards released on bail.

New York's Fair.

New York, Nov. 22.—All is now bustle and activity at the Grand Central Palace owing to the preparations being made for the "World's Fair Prize Winners' Exposition," which opens there on November 30. President Cleveland, it is said, has consented to be present, "provided official business will permit."

Senator Hill and the Hawaiian Question.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 16. — Senator David B. Hill, who is at his home in this city, was asked last evening regarding the probable solution of the Hawaiian problem. He positively declined to talk on the subject, giving as his reason that the matter was now before the Cabinet.

Russia and the Jews.

Berlin, Nov. 22.—It is said that the Czar is about to issue a ukase permitting Jews to live in those Russo-Polish villages which are owned by noblemen in case these noblemen obtain guarantees for their lawful behavior. Wherever such guarantee cannot be obtained the Jews will be forbidden to settle.

To Crush Anarchism.

Rome, Nov. 20.—Prime Minister Giolitti, at a conference with the Spanish Ambassador, discussed with him a proposal to adopt international measures against the Anarchists. Sig. Giolitti assured the Ambassador that the Italian Government would support any such measures that might be suggested.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

Latest Quotations From the Leading Trade Centres.

NEW YORK.—Markets have continued dull, accompanied with decline in some articles, we quote:

GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 red, 65¼c at 66¼c; No 2. Northern, 67½c; rye, No. 2, 54c at 56c; corn. No. 2, 44⅝c at 46c; oats, No. 2 white, 34c at 36c; ungraded mixed, 34c at 35½c; barley, No. 2, 61c at 62c.

HOPS—State; 20c at 22c.

PROVISIONS—Lard, pure leaf, 11c a 11¾c; Tallow, 5¼c a 6¾c; Butter, State and Pennsylvania, dairy, 25c a 27c; creamery, 28c; Cheese, full cream, 12½c; good to fair, 11c a 11¾c; skims, 9½c a 10c; Eggs, fresh State, 26c a 28c, western 24c a 25c; Pork, new mess, $17.00 a $18.50; dressed hogs, 7½c a 7¾c; dressed beef, 6c a 8¼c.

HAY—75c a 90c per 100 lbs.

FEED—Bran, 70c a 75c; middlings, 80c a 85c; rye, 75c a 80c.

LIVE STOCK—Steers, common to extra, $3.40 a $6.00; cows, and bulls, $1.25 a $3.50; calves $5. a $8.25; sheep, $2.00 a $3.25; lambs, $3.50 a $5.00; hogs, $5.75 a $6.50.

LIVE POULTRY—Fowls, 9c; chickens, 9 a 10c; spring ducks, 75c a $1.00 per pr; turkeys, 12c a 13c; geese, 12c.

DRESSED POULTRY—State, fresh fowls, 11c; chickens, 11c a 13c per lb; ducks, 12c a 14c; turkeys, 14c a 16c; geese, 13c a 14c.

WOOL—Fine unwashed, 12c; medium coarse unwashed, 14c a 15c; fine washed, 15c; medium and coarse washed, 18c a 20c; choice fine scoured, 38c a 40c.

Siam Afraid of France.

Dispatches from Bangkok indicate that the Siamese government is alarmed at the French preparations, and will submit to the French demands unless foreign influence is brought to her aid. It is believed that France will moderate her demands.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to bright teach any fairly intelligent person (of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. Those already taught and provided with employment are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

THIS WEEK'S NEWS.

A Summary of Current Events—The World's Doings for the Past Six Days Gathered and Condensed for Our Readers.

General.

An Indian uprising is imminent in British Columbia.

One million dollars' worth of Baltimore City stock has been sold.

Lillian Russell's marriage with Edward Solomon has been annulled.

Sylvia Grey, the London Gaiety actress, has married a rich Australian.

One man was killed and several were injured by a cave-in on Goat Island.

The net value of the estate of the late Edwin Booth is nearly $500,000.

The Republicans of Boston have nominated Thomas N. Hart for Mayor.

The United States Supreme Court decides the great lakes to be high seas.

The New York Excise Commissioners have refused a license to Tom Gould's dive.

Fourteen vessels of war and 15,000 Spanish troops are now concentrated at Melilla.

Prince Pedro has started for a French seaport, whence, it is said, he will sail for Brazil.

It has been decided to allow the World's Fair buildings to stand through next summer.

The independent glass manufacturers have formed a combine to fight the Flint glass trust.

Brunswick, Ga., has been visited by frost, and the yellow fever epidemic is practically ended.

The movement to unite New York city and Brooklyn under one city charter has been revived.

The Governor of Florida has directed the Sheriff of Duval County to prevent the Corbett-Mitchell prize fight.

Terrific storms have carried devastation along the British coast. Many vessels and over 200 lives are reported lost.

The daughter of ex-Secretary of War Elkins was united in marriage in New York to Edward Bruner by Cardinal Gibbons.

Prince Alexander, of Battenburg, who for a time was ruler of Bulgaria, until unseated by a Russian conspiracy, is dead.

Dr. Deems, the celebrated pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York, is dead.

Emperor William opened the Reichstag in state in Berlin, and outlined the Government's policy in his address from the throne.

The General Term of the Supreme Court of New York has reversed the conviction of Agent Gardner of the Parkhurst Society.

Fires have been lighted in the rolling mills of the Mahoning Valley of Ohio, the men having agreed to the $4.75 rate of wages.

Lands in the heart of Spokane, Wash., belonging to the Northern Pacific Railway are reported to have reverted to the Government.

"Boss" McKane, of Gravesend, L. I, says he will bring libel suits against the New York World and other papers that have recently attacked him.

Col. James Cavanagh, of the famous Sixty-ninth Regiment of New York, has resigned. Col. Cavanagh commanded the "Irish Brigade" in the civil war.

Miss Georgiana Putnam, the colored school teacher of Brooklyn who was removed some time since on charges, has been reinstated by the Board of Education.

Dr. Talmage has brought suit against Maynard, Merrill & Co., publishers, for printing a sermon of his in the "Practical Reader" and crediting it to Wendell Phillips.

The friends of limited woman suffrage scored a victory in the House of Commons by a vote of 147 to 126. It gives women the right to vote for parish councillors.

Col. Fellows, District Attorney-elect of New York, made a speech at Little Rock, Ark., warmly opposing free coinage of silver. His argument attracted great attention.

Three hundred lives and nearly one hundred vessels are now reported to have been lost during the late storm on the British coast.

It is claimed that pension frauds involving $250,000 have been discovered at Buffalo, N. Y. W. Boen Moore, a pension examiner, is charged with carrying out the scheme of fraud.

T. J. Ray, Superintendent of the International and Great Northern Railroad, northeast of Houston, Texas, with deputy sheriffs and two bloodhounds, ran down a gang of four train wreckers and lodged them in jail.

The German officials in New Britain, east of New Guinea, have had severe fights with the natives, who tried to destroy the German settlement. The Germans have been victorious after inflicting heavy losses on the natives. Few Germans were killed.

The Baltimore and Ohio, the Erie, the Pittsburg and Western, the Nickel Plate and other railroad lines are reported to have lost thousands of dollars through accepting cleverly executed counterfeit tickets reading from Chicago to New York, and sold by Chicago cut-rate houses.

England's long coal strike is at last ended. The strike has proved a success, as the miners all go back at the old wages. The victory was received with wild demonstrations of joy. Church bells were rung, meetings held and thanksgiving services will be held in all Dissenters' chapels.

A drunken crank in New York drew a revolver and fired several shots through the windows of Delmonico's restaurant on Fifth avenue. As he did so he yelled "Down with the rich." The man's name is G. A. Roeth, and he is a stone-cutter by trade. He has worked in the Dock Department for years, and made an average of $25 a week, which he spent mostly for liquor.

A series of great victories have been won over the Arab slave traders in the Congo Free State by the Belgians under Col. Dhanis. The Arabs had entrenched themselves along the Congo, and outnumbered the Belgians twenty to one. Nevertheless, after a bloody fight, the Belgians carried the Arab positions. Many Arabs were killed and wounded, and 8,000 were taken prisoners. The fugitive Arabs tried to cross the Lualaba River, some distance southeast of Nyangwe. Hundreds were drowned, and the rest scattered in all directions.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 5th, 1893.

Locals.

An extensive notice on all advertisers will appear next week.

Patronize the business houses which are advertised in this paper.

Don't fail to hear Ma'ame Sissieretta Jones next Thursday evening, Thanksgiving at the Metropoliton A. M. E church.

If you want to be well treated and get the worth of your goods for the money don't fail to go to W. Horn, 20. Pensylvania Ave, n. w. Give him a trial any way.

The annual Thanksgiving supper of the Berean Baptist church will take place at the church, 18th St. bet. L and M. n. w on Thursday evening Nov. 30th. Tickets (ncluding supper) 35 cents. The public are cordially invited.

STAR CONCERT.

A grand Star Concert, by Madam Sissieretta Jones, at the Metropolitan A. M. E church M St., between 15 and 16th Street, Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 30th. Admission to all parts of the house 35 cents.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS.

A dispatch from Madrid conveys the information that the Marquis de Barboles, brother of the Duke de Veregua, is also poor, and, as a direct descendant of Christopher Columbus, would thankfully receive an American subscription.

The steamer Empress of India brings particulars of the massacre in Kiungyu, China, of Rev. Mr. Wikholm and Rev. Mr. Johansen, Swedish missionaries. Their house was attacked by the mob. The missionaries, finally being driven out, were stoned to death in the street, their bodies mutilated and left a prey to the dogs.

NATIONAL CAPITAL NOTES.

Fresh News and Gossip from the Seat of Government.

Government silver purchases for July did not exceed $2,500,000.

There will be $13,500,000 paid out on account of pensions during the month of August.

Official information has been received of the successful trial of the Howell torpedo, at the torpedo station at Tiverton, R. I. The torpedo showed remarkable accuracy, and it is believed will surpass the English Whitehead torpedo.

The Navy Department has received an account of the doings of the Behring Sea fleet up to the first of this month. The health of the fleet is excellent. Seven American and 25 British sealers had been taken, with 1,204 American and 18,216 British skins.

Owing to conflicting statements in regard to the failures of National banks, Comptroller Eckels has prepared a statement showing that the total number of failures to August 1, was 105, of which 14 have already resumed, and many others are preparing to resume. But 37 banks went into the hands of receivers.

NEW YORK OFFICES FILLED.

James T. Kilbreth for Collector and Walter H. Bunn for Appraiser.

President Cleveland has at last filled the offices of Collector and Appraiser of the Port of New York, the Republican occupants of which tendered their resignations shortly after his nomination. The new appointees are as follows:

James T. Kilbreth, of New York City, Collector of Customs for the district of New York, vice Hendricks, resigned. James T. Kilbreth is a former police justice of New York, and was a former member of the County Democracy, and a prominent Anti-Tammanyite last year. He is a lawyer by profession, a man of high character, and had not been mentioned in connection with the office.

Walter H. Bunn, of Cooperstown, N. Y., Appraiser of Merchandise for the district of New York, vice Cooper, resigned. Mr. Bunn is a lawyer by profession, and has been an active Democrat. He was appointed United States marshal of the Northern District of New York by Mr. Cleveland during his first administration, and served four years, in 1889. He was a strong supporter of Mr. Cleveland's renomination in 1892.

WANTED, A LIAR.

There was a Fine Opening for a Man with Lots of Imagination.

I was sitting on a salt barrel on the shady side of the depot while waiting for the train on the other road, when a farmer drove up in his wagon. He went around and talked with the station agent for a few minutes and then returned to ask:

"Stranger, do you want to make $20,000 as easy as rolling off a log?'

"I do."

"Air you a religious man?"

"Not exactly."

"Any scruples ag'in lyin'?"

"That's according to circumstances. State your case."

"The case is just this: I own 100 acres of land right around here. As it stands it's worth about $8 an acre. Split her up into city lots and each one will bring $50. You can figure on $1-,000 an acre."

"But this is no site for a city!" I protested.

"Thar's whar the lyin' will come in. I should calkerlate on your makin' the site."

"There's no fuel, no water, no agriculture."

"Got to lie about 'em!"

"You've got to have natural advantages to make a city."

"More lyin'."

"You've simply got a railroad junction, one house and 100 acres of mighty poor land to start on," I said as I looked around on the lonesome prospect.

"That's whar the lyin' will come in!" he answered. "I've known twenty towns out here to start on a heap less. Is it a bargain or no? You do the lyin' and the advertisin' and I do the sellin', and in a year we'll clear up a carload of money. Best chance in the world fur a risin' young man. Knocks a silver mine all holler."

"I—I'm afraid I couldn't accept your liberal proposition."

"All right; no harm done. I'm lookin' fur a liar. He's got to be a good one. As you seemed to be out of a job and dead broke, I thought I'd tackle you. All the same, however, I'll hit the right man inside of a week and he'll make his fortune here. Best of schools, plenty of churches, six railroads, rich country, future Chicago, ten factories, cultivated society, purest of water, public parks, come with a rush, sold again! If you happen to meet a liar send him down!" — Springfield Union.

Bingo.

"Yes," said the big man with the gun case to the little man in spectacles, "I'm off for a try at the birds."

The small man lifted his feet out of the way of the gun case, and made room in the seat beside him.

"Got my dog in the baggage car," continued the big man. "He's a dandy. Best dog I ever shot over, unless 'twas your old Bingo. By the way, you don't go out any more yourself. What's the reason. Bing getting old and lazy?"

The small man opened his penknife and thoughtfully scratched at a splash of mud on his trouser-leg. "No, I don't keep any dog now. Old Bing is dead."

"Dead, is he? Well, well, he was getting along in years. A general breaking down, I suppose." There was a pause, and the little man scratched away industriously. "No, it wasn't that. I'll tell you about it," said he suddenly.

"You see, the last time I had him out we were on Smith's farm. You know the place, just over the county line. You remember that big cornfield where the willows grow over the creek and the railroad cuts through one corner? Well, we were down there, and Bing, being thirsty, ran across the track, in among the willows, to get to the water. I thought there might be birds there, and I was too far behind for a shot, so I called him back. Just then a bird got up beyond him, and I shouted to him to charge.

"You know I don't see very well, but I thought that he wasn't minding, so I shouted again. The old fellow hesitated for a moment, then he dropped down, and just then the train came around the curve and—and"——

The small man's voice faltered a little when he went on. "You see I thought that he was farther away, but he was right on the track, and he had obeyed me at the cost of his life. Somehow I haven't cared much for hunting since then."

The little man shut his knife with a snap and looked out of the window, and the big man exclaimed, "Well, well, by Jove! Poor old Bing!" Then the big man blew his nose violently, muttering that that was the only way to dislodge those cursed cinders, while the little man wiped his glasses upon a chamois-skin polisher and sighed.—Chicago Herald.

A Heifer Adopts a Young Caribou.

Some weeks ago a son of J. Francis, of Moro, saw what he supposed was a big rabbit with a heifer in the field. The cattle was pastured in a back lot near the woods. The boy, as he approached, saw that it was not a rabbit. He easily caught the animal, which proved to be a young caribou, and carried it home in his arms. It was apparently a day old, and was weak and staggering. A nursing bottle was secured, and the little caribou was fed on milk. Very soon it followed the boy about the room. It was allowed to nurse from a cow for some weeks, till it grew so boisterous, butting and striking its foster mother with its feet, that the farmer feared the cow might injure it, and now feeds it with milk by hand three times a day. All this time it has evinced a fondness for its first foster mother, the heifer. The little fellow is flourishing, to all appearances. It is very tame, and delights to be led into the woods, where it will run and play. But at the slightest unusual noise it will immediately scamper home. It is a buck, and its horns are just coming through.—Portland Argus.

Where Romeo Counts the Stripes.

A peculiar custom obtains in Brittany whereby a marriageable young man can easily ascertain the dowry which attaches to any young lady. On certain fete days the young ladies appear in red petticoats with white and yellow borders round them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band represent silver, and denotes 100 francs per annum, while each yellow band denotes gold, and betokens 1,000 francs a year. Thus a young man who sees a face that pleases him has but to glance at the trimmings of the petticoat, and, without any bashful or suspicious inquiry, he can learn what amount of money accompanies the wearer.

HE OFFENDED THE CZAR.

And the Punishment He Received was a Terrible One.

Frogere, an actor at one of the minor theatres of the boulevard of Paris, had entered into an agreement with the manager of the French theatre at St. Petersburg, where he had the good fortune so greatly to please Paul I. that he soon became a distinguished favorite of the monarch, recounts a writer in the Boston Globe.

It was at the imperial dinner table when one of the guests lauded the Emperor at the expense of Peter the Great.

"That is robbing Peter to pay Paul," said the Emperor, turning to his favorite; "is it not so, Frogere?"

"Certainly, sir," answered the latter, "To satisfy Paul we may rob not only Peter the Great, but also Peter the Apostle."

"And, pray, why so?" asked the Czar, quickly.

"Because," said the actor, "Paul in his anger has frequently commanded, 'Go and bear the cross throughout the world, more especially in Siberia.'"

It was in the middle of winter, about midnight, when Frogere was aroused from his sleep by a loud knocking at his door. He jumped from his bed, opened the door, and saw to his amazement an officer and a file of soldiers enter the apartment.

The former produced a warrant from the Emperor banishing Frogere to Siberia. He cried, threw himself upon the floor, tore his hair and exclaimed: "What crime have I committed to deserve such punishment?"

He received no answer. He begged for a few hours' delay. In vain; the officer would allow him only time to pack up a few clothes and linen.

Scarcely was the operation finished when he was surrounded by the soldiers and carried outside the house, where a coach was in waiting.

He was then lifted into it—more dead than alive—while two soldiers, with drawn swords and cocked pistols, took their seats on each side of him. How long the first stage lasted Frogere was unable to tell, the vehicle was so thickly covered that not the least ray of light could penetrate. The door of the coach was at last opened—it was broad daylight. His eyes, however, were bandaged, and he was led into a miserable hut, the doors and windows of which were closed as soon as he entered.

The officer dismissed his guide and ordered the soldiers to leave the room and wait outside. Being alone with the prisoner he said, almost in a whisper: "Frogere, we must now part. I have accompanied you the first stage, and you will hence be under the inspection of another officer. Be careful not to speak a word. I risk much even in giving this caution; but I am your friend."

Poor Frogere melted into tears. Instead of replying to the question he only bewailed having to undergo a punishment for an unknown crime.

"An unknown crime?" said the officer. "Don't you, then, know what you have done? Have you forgotten the sarcastic jest you made at the imperial table? It has offended the Emperor; you are punished because there was so much truth in it. You have nothing to hope. Tell me, then, quickly what I can do for you."

"If that be the case," said poor Frogere, "I have nothing to ask."

"And your money and trinkets," rejoined the officer. "Can I lodge them safely for you somewhere until you return?"

"My return?" gasped Frogere; "then I am not exiled for life?"

"Of course not—only for three years. Take courage; they will soon pass away—and then"——

But at this moment the soldiers entered, and, bandaging his eyes, they lifted him into the vehicle, and away it rolled again.

By Frogere's estimate, as well as he could tell, he had travelled three days and nights. His eyes were bandaged as before, but instead of being led his guides seized him and carried him for some time, until they placed him upon a wooden bench.

At last he heard soft whisperings, and then quick steps approaching. His hands were suddenly seized and tied behind his back. In another moment his coat was torn off his shoulders and his breast laid bare.

Frogere now thought eternity instead of Siberia was to be the goal of his journey.

"Take aim!" was the command of one whose voice he thought he knew—"Fire!" and several shots were at once discharged. Frogere fell senseless to the ground. He was raised, unwounded, and while he was borne along he became sensible of a division of soldiers marching past him. Having been placed upon a chair, his hands were unbound and the bandage removed.

He then found himself in the same room, at the same table, and in the same company, where that unhappy bon-mot had escaped him. Opposite to him sat the Emperor.

The astonishment, terror and doubt alternately reflected in the poor actor's face so greatly excited the risible faculties of Paul that the entire company joined heartily in the mirth. Frogere fell in a swoon.

The whole terrible trip had only lasted twenty-four hours. The Emperor had accompanied him in disguise all the time, and found immense delight in the prisoner's painful sufferings. Though used to comedies, it was long before the actor recovered from the sad dreams of the imperial farce.

Pepper and Birds.

An eminent Prussian ornithologist, who has been making experiments, states that cayenne pepper in the food of canary birds will slowly change their color from yellow to red, but that the pepper defrauded of its irritating and oily principle has no effect. The subsequent addition of olive oil restores the vehicle necessary to color. Wholly white hens were colored by the pepper food. These hens lay eggs with a very bright red yolk, and themselves possess the remarkable property of foreshadowing a change in the temperature by a decided change of tint. When fed with alkanet root the birds become violet-red in color.

Sealing Wax As a Hardener.

Engravers in Germany harden their tools in sealing wax. The tool is heated to whiteness and plunged into the wax, withdrawn after an instant, and plunged in again, the process being repeated until the steel is too cold to enter the wax. The steel is said to become after this process almost as hard as the diamond, and when touched with a little oil of turpentine the tools are excellent for engraving.

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SCARED THE PROFANE KANSAN.

John Sherman's Way of Calming an Excited Westerner in Early Days.

Years ago, as many as forty almost, John Sherman, of Ohio, now Senator, went out to Kansas as a commissioner, with others, to investigate certain lawless proceedings in that section, says the Detroit Free Press. In the course of the investigation one long-whiskered, bepistoled native who was before the commission began to express himself with a profane forcefulness that was not at all complimentary to the Government or its representatives, and Mr. Sherman asked the official stenographer to take down the remarks of the gentleman from Kansas. Mr. Sherman then let the angry citizen go on until he had had his say.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Sherman, "do you know you have been making yourself liable to prosecution by what you have said?"

The speaker didn't care a blankety blank if he had.

"Well, do you know what you have said?" inquired Mr. Sherman.

"No, I don't, and nobody else does, but I've said it and stand by it."

Mr. Sherman called on the stenographer to read his notes, and the stenographer did so. As the vile language rolled out the Kansan looked puzzled at first. Then, as it came back to him, and he began to realize that he had said those things, and the officers had them down in black and white against him, he became frightened.

"Let me see that," he asked, nervously.

The stenographer handed him the notes.

For a minute or more he gazed at the strange stenographic characters.

"Snakes, by Gum!" he yelled, and, dropping the book, he bolted out of the place.

How Booth Prayed.

"Speaking of Edwin Booth," said an old lady, "reminds me of a story my husband used to tell of a memorable encounter with the elder Booth. He (my husband) was travelling on horseback through the South before our marriage, when stress of weather made him take refuge in the home of the great actor He was ensconced in the guest chamber for the night and was just dropping off to sleep as his unlocked door opened. He started up to see his host enter, bearing aloft a candle that cast a sickly ray across the bed. Advancing with measured tread, he asked in a low, deep voice:

"'Have you prayed to-night?'

"The guest admitted that his devotions had been missed.

"'Rise, kneel by that bedside and say the Lord's Prayer,' was the next speech. Impressed by his manner, my husband tumbled out of bed, fell on his knees and repeated the words of the prayer.

"'Is that all you make out of the grandest utterance in literature?' cried Booth.

"And he dropped upon his knees, put his palms together and then, my husband used to say, in a voice of surpassing strength and melody, began his supplication, giving to the familiar sentences such depths of eloquence and such richness of meaning as they had never possessed for him before."—New York Times.

Are we to Become Toeless.

That the civilized part of us is changing our physical structure in answer to the conditions under which we live is a fact to which the poor little toes in the corners of our boots might tearfully testify if we could consult them in the spirit. This member, which our prehistoric lady ancestors doubtless found aesthetically useful when, while grasping with the foot an article of food, they elegantly elevated the little toe from the others, as the little finger of the damsel from the teacup of today, has now so fallen from its high estate that in 36.25 per cent. of men and women the first joint of the little toe has been replaced by a solid, inflexible bone. It is to be supposed that if we continue for a few more aeons to walk with our junior toe doubled up like a leaf in a book we shall some day look all around our foot and find no little toe at all. As the process continues and each rushing cycle knocks off another toe we shall finally have in place of the present artistically befringed pediments a pair of solid pads, on which will rest five useless commemorative nails, like so many tombstones erected to those departed members which went to join the dodo rather than accept shoes that did not fit.—St. Louis Star Sayings.

And the Girl Laughed.

A certain allopathic physician, not more than a thousand miles from a given point in the city of Detroit, has a daughter whose steady companion is a pronounced homeopath and for reasons not at all professional the father doesn't admire his possible son-in-law, though the daughter does. Some time ago the old gentleman found the young man at his house, and thinking it a good time to settle matters he proceeded to speak his mind very freely to the youth.

"Well, have you said all you wanted to say?" inquired the suitor, when the father had made a series of uncomplimentary and seditious remarks.

"No, I haven't," exclaimed the allopath, getting his second wind; "I want to say that my advice to you is to get out of this house at once and never come back again."

The young man braced up and smiled.

"Well," he responded, "you may go to Jericho with your advice. I'm a homeopath, I am, and I don't allow any allopath in existence to prescribe for me. Good-evening," and the young man sat down so firmly that the old gentleman concluded he had made a mistake and left the house himself.

Papa Was Tired.

The car was crowded, but a delicate-looking man, a lady who was evidently his wife, and a little girl of six or seven crowded in. A gentleman near the door politely gave his seat to the lady, but the delicate man was left standing. After several blocks had been traversed a pretty woman in the corner of the car asked the child if she would not like to sit down.

"No, tank you," lisped the little one, "I don't care to sit down, but my papa is very tired. He would like to sit in your lap."

The roar of laughter that went up from the other passengers made the horses quicken their pace, and the pretty woman got out at the next corner.—Washington Post.

Of all counterfeits there is none more contemptible than counterfeit humility.

THE MAN FROM ST. LOUIS.

His Love for Chicago Made Him Sympathetic and Generous.

It was at the depot in Syracuse, and a number of us were waiting for our train, when a middle-aged man, who was lame and dilapidated, began to solicit alms. He told some sort of a story about sickness, death, and so on, and about the third man he struck replied to him:

"Look here, mister, I can put you in the way of making a couple of dollars in about five minutes."

"Heaven will bless you if you will," said the lame man.

"I don't want to be blessed. Do you see that chap down the platform, seated on his trunk?"

"I do."

"He's from St. Louis. Come over here in the corner and I'll tell you how to work him."

The two drew aside, and, after three or four minutes of "private and confidential" talk, the lame man limped off down the platform and half a dozen of us followed on to witness the performance.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the lame man as he halted before the other, "but I am an unfortunate man."

"Yes, the woods are full of 'em," was the reply.

"It isn't my fault. I lent my brother $800 to go into business with in a place 'way out West somewhere, called Chi-Chi-Chicago. I think that is the name of the town. Ever hear of it?"

"I've heard there was such a place," replied the St. Louis man, "but it may have been a rumor. Here's a quarter to help you along."

"Many thanks, sir. I was going to tell you about my brother. Some one told him that Chicago was a growing village, and that they were going to move the county seat there. He went into the grocery business, and what d'ye think he did? Laid in a stock of $1,000 worth right on the start—a stock big enough for a town of 10,000 people."

"Did, eh? I guess I can spare you another quarter."

"He might possibly have pulled through, but it rained a good deal, and the farmers couldn't get into town for the mud, and most everybody was trading on store orders, and so the sheriff closed him out."

"But didn't you save anything from the wreck?"

"Not a dollar. That is, I haven't got anything out of it yet. I can't even get a letter to my brother there."

"Why not?"

"I've written no less than four, and they all came back marked 'Misdirected.' I've been trying for a month past to find out in what State Chicago is."

"Let's see," said the St. Louis man. "If there is such a town, and I am quite sure there is, it is in Indiana. No, I'm wrong—must be Illinois."

"Why, I have been directing to Kansas. It's in some county, of course?"

"Very likely. I think I can spare you another half."

"Thanks, sir. Did you ever hear the name of the county?"

"Let's see; let's see. They named a county up there somewhere after a St. Louis barber. It's Cook, I think."

"I put on 'Cook,' but as I didn't even get the State right it made no difference. Will you please write the address for me?"

"I won't guarantee that it will be correct," said the St. Louisan, "because these new villages spring up like mushrooms, are sometimes called by three or four names and none of the maps exactly locate them. If I was going to write a letter I should direct it 'Chicago, Cook County, Ill., U. S. A., via St. Louis, Mo.'"

"Yes, sir. You have put me under great obligations."

"Don't mention it. Hope you'll get something out of the smash. You don't look well."

"And I'm not, sir."

"Well, here's another dollar to help you on your feet. Follow my directions when you write, and if there is such a town out there anywhere the postal authorities will probably look it up. Chicago! Chicago! Yes, it strikes me that I've heard the name somewhere this summer, but I can't just place it. It's in Illinois, I think, and was located on account of a stone quarry or something."

His Mirth Saved Him.

"There was a queer character out in Virginia City during the palmy days in the early sixties," said W. H. Barstow. "He was called Laughing Tom. He couldn't say a word without laughing, and he usually prefaced what he had to say with a series of chuckles that were the most infectious things imaginable.

"There are hundreds of stories of which Tom is the hero, but one there is in particular which I have never seen printed. One day Tom began playing poker with a miner. The stakes were small, but they were big to the players themselves, as they represented all their earthly possessions. It was nip and tuck for awhile, and a pretty good jackpot was being built up, when the miner saw Tom slip a card. He said nothing until the laughing prodigy opened the jacker, bet off the limit and was about to gather in the pot, when the miner quietly told him he had seen him cheat.

"'All right,' said Tom, with his laugh; 'it was unintentional, I assure you, but take the pot and let's keep on playing.'

"The miner was agreeable and the play was continued until he caught Tom cheating again. It was the latter-s deal and he slipped two cards into his lap while shuffling the cards.

"The miner was as mad as a hornet, not so much on account of Tom's cheating as because of the insult to his intelligence by the bungling style of Tom's work. Rising and drawing his pistol the miner said:

"'D——n you, Tom, I'm going to blow the top o' your head off.'

"Tom looked up into the gun's muzzle and laughed out: 'You wouldn't kill a feller before the draw, would you?'

"There was no tragedy that day."—Washington News.

That Wouldn't Do

"I don't want bread," said the fastidious tramp, as a generous slice was offered to him. "Haven't you any cake?"

"Yes, I have a cake you seem to need badly—a cake of soap."

But the tramp walked away discontentedly.

Nothing Surprising.

Mrs. Skidmore (reading) — Philippa Fawcett, who won such great distinction as senior wrangler at Oxford, is still unmarried.

Mr. Skidmore—No wonder.

THE REPORTERS LUCK.

How He was Driven Out and Wreaked His Vengence on the Editor.

"Say!" began the young man as he sat down to the city editor's desk in a chummy way, "have you any fault to find with this $8 silk hat, this $30 gold-headed cane, this $500 diamond stud, this $50 suit of clothes on top of these patent leather gaiters? How do these $100 bills strike you? Gaze on this New York draft for $15,000! Heft this gold watch I planked down $600 for in Chicago the other day! Anything scrubby about me?"

"I don't see anything," repeated the city editor, as he laid down page No. 3 of a city item he was revising, observes the Detroit Free Press.

"You bet you don't! Remember me?"

"Can't say I do."

"Don't you remember one night, about eighteen months ago, when a long, lean, hungry-looking chap, who had his coat buttoned up to hide his shirtless condition, came in and struck you for a job?"

"A good many such come in."

"Yes, but I told you I hoofed it all the way from Buffalo, and could knock the socks off'n any chap in these diggings on an obituary notice."

"Yes, I remember now," replied the city editor, as he capitalized the word "Alderman" in page No. 4.

"But you had no use for me; said your paper was devoted to live topics instead of obituaries. Ha ha! good joke! Don't you remember of advising me to give up the journalistic struggle and go to driving a street car? Kind of you—very kind. Shall never forget it. I struck you for a quarter and you panned out two shingle nails, a bunch of keys and a poker chip. Felt sorry for you—'pon my honor I did. Would have let you in later on, but had forgotten your name."

"Well?" wearily queried the city editor, as he marked two exclamations and a comma into a mad dog item.

"Well, I went West. Struck Kansas just in time to boom. Thought of you all the way out there. Couldn't strike a street car job, but I did hit an old chap who wanted to sell 300 acres of land mighty bad. Hit a man in Wichita for fifty cents and struck keno three times. Then dropped into faro and came out $800 ahead. I'd taken your advice and given up the journalistic struggle. See?"

"Yes."

"Got a surveyor—platted the town of Silver City—got out circulars—advertised in 600 papers—gave away 200 lots—sold off 4,260, and here I am. Cleaned up about $27,000 inside of a year and a half—all new greenbacks—and am now on my way to Europe for a tour before going into an orange grove spec. in Florida. Say, old man—come along with me—Liverpool—London—Paris—Venice—Berlin. You are looking yellow about the gills, and the ozone will do you good. Just a little run for six months, you know—art galleries—cathedrals—towers—the Rhine—the Alps—store clothes and first-class hotels all the way round. What d'ye say?"

"I can't afford it," answered the city editor, as he marked the comical proceedings "O. K." and laid the manuscript aside.

"Poor boy—poor boy! How many years have you been at it?"

"Twenty."

"And still wearing two-shilling ties, a tweed suit, and looking as if you hadn't had a square meal for a month! Say—give it up—put on your coat and go home."

"Do you mean my situation?"

"Yes, and journalism, too. You are a failure. Give up the struggle and drive a street car or hitch on to a buck saw and try and work yourself to the top! Sorry for you, but you are out of your element. All my dollar cigars are gone, but here are a couple of fifty-cent ones, which I will leave with my best wishes. Would like to stay longer, but I sail from New York day after to-morrow. Bye-bye, old fel, and don't be discouraged! Always a chance for an ambitious street car driver to climb up, you know. If you need my influence cable me, care of the Rothschilds."

And when he had departed the city editor leaned back and stared at the wall for a long five minutes without thinking. When the clatter of the copy box coming down from the composing-room finally brought him back to earth he sighed drearily, put away the cigars so carefully wrapped in tinfoil, gathered up the sheets lying about, and whispered to himself:

"Too late! All the booms have busted. Wish I'd thrown the blamed cuss down stairs for his cheek!"

How He Had Fun.

"You can't always tell how green a man may be by the color you think he is," said the drummer, sententiously, and the hotel clerk ran his eyebrows up into interrogation points.

"No," he went on, as if the clerk had put his question into words, "No, you can't. Last week I was in New York and one night I went down to sleep by the sea."

"On a bench in Battery Park?" inquired the disingenuous clerk.

"Of course not," retorted the drummer; "down at one of the near-by seaside resorts. Well, as I was saying, when I got there and had registered at one of the swell hotels, a country-looking citizen stepped up and took my place before the book. He wrote his name, and looked up at the dignified and imperious young man behind the counter.

"'Got any rooms, young feller,' he said, 'fer about one dolyer per day?'

"'Certainly not,' was the haughty and disgusted reply.

"'How's yer rates, anyhow?'

"'Well, you can get a suite for a hundred dollars a day,' he said with the air of one man expecting to see the other man drop dead.

"'Good enough,' responded the countryman, without turning a hair, 'I'll take that kind for five days and pay in advance. Can you change a bill for me?' and he slapped down a new thousand dollar William that must have looked a yard long to the clerk. Whether it did or not, he grew red in the face; said he'd have to see the landlord; couldn't raise over a hundred and fifty in change to save his life that early in the season; and while he was trying to apologize the countryman stuffed the bill in his pocket and went across the street to another hotel.

"That evening I talked with him on the beach, and he said he was nicely fixed at $3 a day for a month. Then he laughingly told me he carried that bill along with him to slug highfalutin hotel clerks with, and he called it a thousand dollar billie, because it knocked them every time."

GERMANY'S IRON TREASURES.

Vast Stores of Army Rations and Money in Readiness for War.

In the fortress of Spandau there is stored the celebrated emergency fund of the German Empire—the so-called iron treasure, millions of silver pieces, most of them minted with the head of Napoleon III. Derived from that colossal indemnity which victorious Germany imposed upon humbled France in the hope of permanently crippling the hereditary foe, the payment of which and recuperation of its loss is the financial wonder of the world, this hoard of coined money is kept for the contingency of war. This treasure is sacred. According to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch there is no crisis through which the German Empire may pass, save that of foreign war, which makes this vast sum available. The Germans are very fond of the word "iron" in its sense of rude firmness, of harsh endurance, of severe tenacity. They have applied it to their greatest historical character—the iron chancellor—to his policy of absolute inflexibility and to their most-prized reward—the iron cross—of which there is but one degree, and which can be earned only by actual bravery on the field. They have used the word to designate the treasure at Spandau and they have also adopted it to characterize an institution in their minute and comprehensive scheme of military organization to which they attach great importance. When the German army is transformed from a huge reserve of precautionary power into a massive instrument of aggressive force, its units, the individual soldiers, are put into absolutely new uniforms. The purposes of this step are numerous. It makes the operation of mobilization more simple and systematic, and with the contingency of prolonged warfare it makes the continuance of military operations more economical. There is a sentimental issue involved—the personal pride of the soldier is stimulated and his zeal in service increased.

In equipment and accouterment a similar system is followed. The result is that the soldier starts out in the condition practically that he should be theoretically. His equipment is a heavy one, but the knowledge that every pound of weight he carries represents something useful to his occupation and his comfort and convenience while engaged in it lightens his load. He realizes that he is provided for every emergency. In his knapsack are his clothes and his store of cartridges. Each one of his pockets has a particular purpose. The lining of the one on the left of his tunic is medically prepared, to be used when necessity arises as an antiseptic bandage. In his haversack is his loaf of bread—the staff of life—and the so-called "iron ration." This is the institution to which reference has been made. It is the reserve fund of the soldier's food, his sustenance when deprived of all other resources of mess, commissariat and forage. There is a huge factory in Mayence devoted to the packing of these "iron rations." In small bags, in a preserved and compressed shape, these rations consist of coffee, rice, hard tack and tobacco, in a quantity sufficient to provide for three days' use. The cavalry receives in addition similarly prepared rations for its horses, consisting of hay and oats sufficient for five days. These rations are to serve only in cases of extreme necessity. They are sacred whenever the trooper is provided by the commissary department with the necessary food, or when he can procure it by requisition or forage. The "iron ration" cannot be touched except by command of a superior officer. In the preparation of these rations chemical science has been at work, and it is believed in the articles provided the greatest amount of nutrition has been secured in the most compressed and endurable shape. In the grand maneuvres which annually take place in Germany, and in which the soldiers are exposed to every contingency save that of an enemy's death-dealing powers, the "iron rations" are carried, and their purpose made clear to the men.

The First Real Beau.

The first beau appears along about when we are touching fourteen or sixteen. There have been, of course, many little boy admirers, but according to a writer the genuine gallant does not materialize until we put on long dresses and commence making ourselves up for young ladies, a comprehensive phrase that all girls will understand.

He is usually the brother of some special chum of ours, and in this way we are enabled to see him more often than if we had had no reason for going to his house.

He is exceedingly bashful before people, but can talk a blue streak when we are alone. He squanders his allowances on ice-cream, soda and caramels, and on rare occasions invites us to a church sociable or concert.

He is always one of the group of youths who wait outside the church or Sunday-school door, and he is the one always to escort us to our homes on such occasions.

We are teased unmercifully about him and really enjoy it, though pretending to be fearfully indignant and provoked about it.

This sort of thing goes on until something happens, as some things have a way of doing, and either he goes away to college or we leave for boarding-school, or perhaps a quarrel or change of residence occurs.

At any rate, years perhaps will roll away before we see a bearded man who can bear the slightest resemblance to the young, rosy-cheeked boy.—Elmira Telegram.

Where He Worked.

The prisoner was before the police judge for the greatmanyth time.

"Well," said his Honor, "you here again?"

"Yes, your Honor," responded the prisoner.

"What's the charge?"

"Vagrancy; same as before, your Honor."

"It seems to me you are here about half your time."

"A little uppards, your Honor."

"Well, what do you do it for? Why don't you work?"

"I do, your Honor, more than half my time."

"Aw, now," said his Honor, good-naturedly, "if you can tell me truthfully where you have ever worked I'll let you off."

"At the House of Correction, your Honor," smiled the prisoner, and the Court kept its word.

The most certain means not to lose the good that one does is to forget it.

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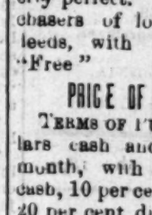

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